

ON WALL STREET.

Yesterday's Stock Market Exhibited More Animation, but at the Expense of Quotations.

The Closing Prices at or Near the Lowest Figures of the Day—Railroad Bonds Dull, but Steady.

COMMERCIAL RESUME.

Special to the Gazette.
New York, Feb. 17.—Railway bonds today sold as follows: Texas and Pacific incomes at 60; Rioes at 60; St. Louis, Arkansas and Texas 2's at 52; Houston and Texas Central 1's at 114; Missouri, Kansas and Texas 3's at 85; 6's at 98; Galveston, Harrisburg and San Antonio 2's at 94; Gulf, Colorado and Santa Fe gold 6's at 102.

Sterling duller.
Money 3 1/4 per cent.
Governments steady.
Cotton lower.
Oil quiet.
Wheat firmer.
Coffee declined.

GOVERNMENTS, STOCKS AND BONDS.
New York, Feb. 17.—Today's stock market exhibited more animation which, however, was attained at the expense of quotations. There was no news of a character to have much effect upon values, but in the absence of support by leaders and cliques, the professional traders seized the opportunity to bring about a decline. The market in general was quite feverish and irregular throughout most of the day, though a few stocks were firm. A majority of the list yielded readily to the pressure. The opening was rather heavy, a majority of the list showing declines from last evening's figures of 1/2 to 1/4, while Missouri, Kansas and Texas was off 1/2. The Missouri, Kansas and Texas in the early dealings was dull, but irregular and feverish and generally heavy, while Canada Southern and West Point were conspicuously weak. There was more activity toward noon, but the decline continued until nearly 12 o'clock, when a rally occurred in which New England became prominent though the gains recovered were for fractions only. The decline was then renewed and continued to the close, subject only to one or two slight rallies and the market closed weak at or near the lowest figures of the day. Sales 260,850 shares.

Railroad bonds dull but steady.

ALL FOR A KISS.

A Wife Tries to Kill Herself Because Her Husband Didn't Say Good Bye.

SAN ANTONIO, TEX., Feb. 17.—Considerable of a sensation was created in Commerce street about 5 o'clock this evening. The wife of Charles T. White, general Texas agent for the Singer Sewing Machine Company, was found in his office almost dead from a dose of laudanum. She had repaired to her husband's place of business during his absence and took the drug unobserved. When her condition was discovered a physician was summoned just in time to administer the proper remedies, and it is thought her life will be saved. Domestic trouble is supposed to be the cause of the rash act. Her husband, however, says that the only cause of complaint his wife could have was his inadvertent failure to kiss her when he left the house from dinner to-day. He has found a note on his desk from the would-be suicide which bears him out in the declaration. She is an unusually pretty and attractive woman, and mingled in the best society. The couple came here a few months ago from Kansas City.

TEXARKANA.

A Wife Outraged—Dignity of a Man Charged with Horse Theft.

Special to the Gazette.

TEXARKANA, ARK., Feb. 17.—Some months ago Louis Lawson got into a family difficulty at Denison, and cut his wife's throat. Since then he has been at large. Marshal Cutler of Denison arrived in the city some days ago in search of Lawson, and yesterday went to Bassett with Deputy Williams, where they heard he was. They espied him on top of a caboose of a train, and ordered him to surrender, but he jumped from the car and escaped. In the fight he lost his hat and this morning he came back in search of it and was captured by Bill Smith, a road hand. Marshal Cutler will take the prisoner to Denison to-morrow.

Sheriff Stafford of Camp county arrived in the city yesterday in search of J. O. Clark, who stole a horse and mule in Cherokee county. To-day Deputy Williams arrived with Clark. Sheriff Stafford will leave with Clark for Rusk to-morrow.

DALLAS.

Disturbing Public Worship—Numerous Robberies—The Train Robbery Trial.

Special to the Gazette.

DALLAS, TEX., Feb. 17.—Mattie Shepard and Mattie Hubbard, both colored, were tried in Justice Braswell's court this morning, each on a warrant sworn out by the other, for disturbing the peace of the Antioch Baptist church. Both were members of the same church, and the trouble arose out of a wordy fight between the two lights of Zion over the impeached virtue of another sister. They were fined \$1 each.

In the trial of the train robbers to-day Houston's two brothers testified to having slept with the accused on the night of the robbery. Miss Alina Rodgers saw John Oxford and Bob Settle in Stephenville on the night of January 22. Other witnesses substantiated the claim of alibi.

In the Federal court the big land suit of Melissa Dodge vs. C. S. Bains, involving a league of land, valued at \$50,000, in Navarro county, terminated in a verdict for the plaintiff.

Constable Jacoby last night arrested a suspicious character who turns out to be an escaped convict named Gillingham. Under telegraphic instructions from Superintendent Goree, the prisoner will be delivered to the convict train at Wilmer to-night.

There were three street robberies last night. As Mr. E. H. Richardson of Stribling & Richardson was entering his residence on Texas avenue about 10 o'clock, he was knocked down and robbed of \$35. Henry Baker, a bell boy at the Windsor, was held up on the corner of Ross avenue and Leonard street, and relieved of \$2.50. Mr. George M. Rawlins

of Lancaster was ordered to hold up his hands on the corner of Ervay and Canton streets. He had two purses in his pocket, one containing \$180 and the other a lot of papers of no value. He gave the thief the latter, who did not have time to examine it, but snatched it eagerly and left Mr. Rawlins to go on his way rejoicing.

Our editor used St. Jacobs Oil for rheumatism with success.—[Lancaster, Pa. Frele Presse.]

GAINESVILLE.

A New Town Without a Name—City Cavanaugh—A Saddle Thief.

Special to the Gazette.

GAINESVILLE, TEX., Feb. 17.—A new town has been laid out on the Gainesville, Henrietta and Western. It is eighteen miles west of here, midway between St. Jo and Childers. The embryo metropolis has not yet been named.

Judge John T. Walker to-day announced himself as a candidate for mayor. He is the fourth man already in the field, and there are more to follow.

Tuesday night the horse lot of Mr. Moss Hinton, on the northern edge of the city, was raided, and two horses, two fine saddles, two bridles, two saddles and an overcoat were stolen. One of the saddles was a brand new one, the property of Mr. James Best of this city, and was worth fully \$20.

There is no clue to the direction taken by the thief or thieves, but it is presumed they broke for the Territory. A slight shower of rain accompanied by hail fell here this morning early.

ALL RAN AWAY TO MARRY.

Six Elopements in One Family of Girls. Pauline Beattie the Record.

New York Sun.

Mr. and Mrs. Gottlieb Schlecht, a quaint old German couple, have hired and lived in the three-story brick house, at No. 55 Attorney street, for many years. In the basement, a good many feet below the sidewalk, they keep a grocery store. In the back room of the basement they eat. Three cows are quartered in a shed in the yard, and they are the pride of the old couple.

The old folks have seven children, six of whom are girls. Nearly all mothers fix the ages of their children by some catastrophe or stroke of fortune that happened when they were of a certain age, and Mrs. Schlecht figures up the ages of her six girls by the dates at which they ran away and got married. Annie, the eldest, ran away when she was twenty-one years old. Amelia when she was fourteen, Caroline and Netta when they were seventeen, Adeline when she was sixteen, and Hortensia when she was twelve.

Hortensia, or as she is better known, Pauline, disappeared three weeks ago last Sunday with a peddler named Edward Russell, who is 20 years of age. Edward's mother is a widow with seven children, all younger than Edward. She hired rooms of Mrs. Schlecht several months ago, and thus the two young people saw a great deal of each other. The day Pauline ran away she walked down the street and met Russell, his sister and her escort, and the four went to the house of a retired Lutheran minister named Brickman, at No. 32 Livingston street. Edward and Pauline had been "engaged" for some time, and several days before Russell had asked the minister to perform the ceremony. Mr. Brickman is eighty-five years of age, and has very poor eyesight. Russell told the old man that he was twenty-one years of age and that Miss Schlecht would be eighteen years old May 20, next. Pauline was muffled up in a big shawl when she stood up before the minister and the ceremony was performed, Russell's friends being the witnesses.

Russell had engaged rooms at 32 Columbia street, and had moved a good deal of his mother's furniture there. He took his twelve-year-old wife there. Mr. and Mrs. Schlecht had been searching high and low for their daughter, and the old gentleman had woven together a nice little bunch of rope with which to chastise the bride as soon as she reappeared. One of his married daughters called around in the evening, and she learned from Russell's sister of the wedding. When Mrs. Schlecht heard of it she made a mental note of the date for future reference, and then decided not to tell her husband just then, because he was chopping wood, and she was afraid he would do something desperate with the ax.

Finally the police of Attorney street were informed of the occurrence, and Superintendent Jenkins of Mr. Gerry's society was notified. Officer Young was instructed to arrest the bridal pair, and early in the following day he was ordered to hunt them up. He took a policeman with him and found them in their room seated on opposite sides of a small table playing dominoes. Russell sprang up when he saw the policeman, and, shaking a newspaper in his face, shouted:

"You can't do nothing now, because we're married."

The bride and groom were both locked up. They were arraigned later in the Essex Market court. Russell was held for trial on a charge of abduction, and Pauline was turned over to Mr. Gerry's society, and sent to the House of the Good Shepherd. Yesterday Russell was arraigned in the General Sessions court. He pleaded guilty. In his behalf it was argued that he was ignorant of the law and that the marriage had not been consummated.

Assistant District Attorney Purdy was not disposed to ask for severe punishment. He inclined to the belief that the girl was more at fault than the young man. The Rev. Mr. Brickman is eighty-three years of age. Mr. Purdy suggested that he be brought down.

Judge Gildersleeve, after conversing with the infant wife and her mother, sentenced the husband to ten days in the city prison.

Adeline, the fifth daughter of the Schlecht family, was fondling a little baby in the grocery last night when the reporter called.

"Pauline said she ran away because she had to work too hard," said Adeline, "but she never did anything. I did all the work. The reason I ran away was because I was kept in the house too much. Where is my husband? Oh, he's farming."

Kicked Against the Fines.

NEW YORK, Feb. 17.—About 100 Mutual district messengers in Wall and New streets struck this morning. The boys state they cannot stand the fines levied on them, and assert that they will not go back until the system of fining is discontinued.

Don'ts Extract for pain. Congestions, etc., proceeds in its career of usefulness. It has had a trial and success that prove it can not be superseded.

IN INDIANA.

The Telephone Law of 1885—Let it be Repealed.

Indianapolis People.

The Evansville Courier is about the only paper in the state opposed to the repeal of the present obnoxious telephone law. It says the law must stand, but gives no good reason why it should stand. It is on a par with the man who said the horse was sixteen feet high and declared that he would stick to it when told that it was hands he meant and not feet.

There was a time some two years ago when it was quite popular to rail out against the Telephone Company and the prices charged for its services, but that time has passed, and those now want the service the most who were foremost in securing the passage of the present law, which is an impediment to progress and brake to the wheels of commerce.

How well do we remember what a hue and cry were raised against the alleged cormorant c Telephone Company. Town meetings were held and important influential gentlemen—at least in their own estimation—were hot under the collar in their denunciations of the great monopoly. You see, they weren't in it! They believed in the doctrine of rule or ruin! They couldn't rule, and they were determined to ruin, and if the truth must be told, they came very near it.

The Courier says the Telephone Company has water of its stock. Well, probably it has. We don't know and we don't care. It is not the first company that has done this same by thousands. All corporations are cormorants, and, like Oliver Twist, constantly asking for more. But what we do know is that the public demand telephonic service and must have it. The price of 85 per month is not excessive—it is not extortionate. It is reasonable. Those who need telephones can afford to pay the price and will do it cheerfully.

The company say that \$5 per month is too little—that they cannot make anything thereat. We believe them. They are not best judges of their own business, and are the proper ones to fix their own prices. As well might the Legislature fix a price upon soap, or any other necessary article, as to put a legal rate upon telephone service.

In common with all good, law-abiding citizens, the People—which hasn't a cent of stock in telephones—demands the repeal of a law which hampers trade, retards commerce, interferes with communication, provokes profanity, causes law-breaking, and is an unmitigated nuisance generally. The repeal of this odious law is demanded by the man of business, the ardent lover, the devoted friend, the loyal husband, the true wife, the editor, the banker, the pastor, and, we might add, "all the world and the rest of mankind."

MR. GRADY AND THE NEW SOUTH.

A Letter from Judge Charles D. Drake. Protest Against the Charge of Northern War-Hatred.

New York Tribune.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 26.—The following letter was written soon after the New England Society dinner in New York by ex-Chief Justice Charles D. Drake of the Court of Claims, and sent to Mr. Grady for publication in his paper, the Atlanta Constitution. Not having appeared in that journal, it is kindly furnished by Judge Drake for publication in the Tribune.

MR. H. W. GRADY—I have read with unusual interest and pleasure your powerful and eloquent speech at the New England dinner in New York, on the 22d inst., and the pleasure would have been quite unalloyed but for its closing paragraph, which I cannot induce myself to pass unnoticed, for it is unjust. I do not say that you so meant it, but, all the same, it is unjust, and its injustice ought not to be allowed to go unchallenged. After eloquently uttering your "message" for the "indissoluble union of American states and the imperishable brotherhood of the American people," you go on in these words:

What answer has New England to this message? Will she permit the prejudice of war to remain in the hearts of the conquerors, when it has died in the hearts of the conquered? Will she transmit this prejudice to the next generation that in her veins never felt the generous ardor of conflict it may perpetuate itself? Will she withhold, save in strained courtesy, the name which, straight from his soldier's heart, Grant offered to Lee at Appomattox? Will she make the vision of a restored and happy people, which gathered above the couch of your dying captain, filling his heart with peace, touching his lips with praise and glorifying his path to the grave—will she make this vision, on which the last sigh of his expiring soul breathed a benediction, a cheat or delusion? If she does the south, never absent in asking for comradeship, must accept in dignity its refusal.

Mr. Grady, it will hardly be disputed that, though these questions were addressed to New England, they were meant for the entire north. And I feel sure of your admitting that, taken as a whole they are in effect an affirmation that the north cherishes the "prejudice of war" to such an extent that she withholds the hand of "comradeship" from the south and would "make the vision of a restored and happy people a cheat or delusion."

And what means that phrase, "prejudice of war"? It has no sensible meaning there—no meaning in its proportion to the idea advanced, if it does not import disaffection, estrangement, hostility, or, condensing the whole into one word, hatred; hatred begotten in and of the war, and grudgingly surviving the lapse of nearly a quarter of a century since the war ceased to afflict our bleeding country. So interpreting its meaning, I protest, in the name of all that is manly and generous and true against the trend and spirit of those questions, as deeply unjust to the north. And I say with emphasis that in attributing to the north or any part of it, that hatred, they are absolutely untrue. As you have never, I believe, lived in the north, you are, I suppose, not aware of their untruth; but, nevertheless, were every inhabitant of the north questioned under oath to-day, not one man in 500 could probably be found who cherishes toward the south any sentiment of hate. If I am right in this opinion, then it follows that while you invoked the "imperishable brotherhood of the American people," you almost blocked the way to that brotherhood in the south by erroneously holding the north up before the southern people as not only nursing a war hatred toward the south, but as intending that the hatred shall not die out with the present generation, but shall be transmitted to the next, and thence go on to "perpetuate itself."

And when you go further, Mr. Grady, and assert that the "prejudice of war" has "died in the hearts of the conquered," but "remains in the hearts of the conquerors," you attribute to the north a feeling akin to brutality, and assign to northern people a position in the scale of humanity only a little above that of the savage. Quite probably the great mass of the northern people will not notice the injustice you have done them; but, beyond doubt, the south will see and appreciate the skill with which you invoked northern brotherhood, and in the same breath bade the south remember that they had been "conquered," and that at this late date after the war their "conquerors" hate them.

Mr. Grady, let us calmly reason together for a moment over this "prejudice of war," alias hatred—reason together like sensible men and philosophers, honestly intending to get at the truth. In the first place, note three things—that the war ended nearly twenty-two years ago; that about two-thirds of the people who lived during the war are now dead, and that the present generation is mostly made up of people who were infants during the war, or were born after its close.

In the second place, note that about one-half of the present generation of men in the north are members of the Democratic party, the ever-faithful ally of the south, and therefore not to be charged with war-hatred of the southern people. Hence, it follows that your charge is wholly aimed at the Republicans of the north. Now, I ask you, Mr. Grady, as a thoughtful man and a philosopher, why should northern Republicans, or any northern men, who were in manhood during the war, hate the "conquered" south? In all fairness, did you ever know of an actual instance of a "conqueror" hating the "conquered," and yet letting the "conquered" go as free and unscathed as the "conqueror"? On the contrary, it is not known to you and to all men that it is human nature for the "conquered" to hate the "conqueror"? Way, then, should you have closed your noble speech with so unphilosophical, so unproved, so groundless, so unfriendly a charge?

And further, on what ground can it be said that the young men of to-day, who were children during the war, or were born afterwards, are swayed by "prejudice of war" against the south? The only possible ground for that charge, if it be made, is that they have been educated to it—have actually had "the prejudice of war" against the south instilled into them through their childhood and youth, and have come to manhood in full-blown hatred of a people among whom they have never passed an hour, and of whom they know next to nothing. Mr. Grady, are you willing to make such a charge as that?

The fact is, Mr. Grady, and you ought to know it if you do not, that of the people now living in the north, who were ten years old and upward when the war broke out, the great mass have ceased to think much about the war, except as a dark and bloody reminiscence; and those born since the war really know very little about it, and care still less. Whatever of northern antagonism there is to the south as the south is not a product of the war, and has not the least trace of war hatred in it. But there is in the north a widespread active, resolute, and abiding hatred of the attempt of southern politicians to make the minority south the ruler of the United States. To accomplish that mad ambition the south is obliged to resort, and does openly resort, to methods and means which are, and ever ought to be, revolting to the sense of justice of all patriots, north and south, as they are repugnant to all right views of constitutional and legal obligation.

Finally, Mr. Grady, let me tell you this plain truth, that "the solid south" is this hour, the great obstacle to that "brotherhood" whose spirit demands absolute equality of political and civil rights for all men; which refuses self-exaltation at the expense of a brother-man's degradation; and rejects sectional domination as fatal to patriotic devotion to country. When the south ceases to be solid for itself, gives up the undemocratic idea of minority rule, and patriotically devotes herself to the good of the whole country, even nobody in the south will care to hear about the northern "prejudice of war," and nobody in the north will care to inquire, except historically, into the circumstances and feelings which, unhappily, once made a "solid south" possible. Then, once more, we shall be united in the bonds of a true American brotherhood, never more to be sundered. The north offers no impediment to that glorious consummation to-day, but would honestly and heartily hasten its coming. Can you, Mr. Grady, say as much for the south?

(C. J. DRAKE.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 27, 1886.

Fun from the Fatherland.

"Ach, Ach, I love you like—like—like—Well, think it over, Herr Fritz; perhaps you can tell me to-morrow?"

[Elegische Blätter.]

"Well, good-by, old friend, you will never see me again." "What? never? Ach, then, Gustavus, would you mind lending me another sovereign?" [Euber Land and Meer.]

"Do you know Frau Z., madame?" "Oh, yes; she is my best friend; we have no secrets from each other." "Ah, then, perhaps you can tell me how old she is."

"Oh, sir, we are not quite as intimate as all that." [De Amerikannische.]

"A talented pianist, Madame De V., sitting at dinner by the side of Colonel Rametot, asked him in an amiable tone: 'Colonel are you fond of music?'"

"Madame," replied the warrior, rolling his eyes savagely, "I am not afraid of it." [Elegische Blätter.]

Prof. Danile is very short-sighted. One evening he came home and walked straight into his study. The full moon shone into the room. Highly delighted, our professor went down into the parlor and thanked his wife for the beautiful study lamp she had got for him.—[Dorfbärber.]

A restaurant-keeper, in order to attract customers to his new establishment at No. 8—street, inserted the following advertisement in the papers: "Five hundred marks reward! Lost, yesterday afternoon in S—street, between Nos. 3 and 7, genuine pearl. The above reward to the honest finder." He attained his object.—[Humoristische Blätter.]

President D. C. Gilman, of Johns Hopkins University, says that for a girl or boy there is nothing better than the needle and scissors, and, particularly for the boy, the jack-knife; that still more fundamental is the pencil, which enables one to delineate with more precision than the pen what one wishes to express; and that a man is a better thinker and a more accurate worker if he can reproduce with his hand what he has thought with his brain.

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